

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 861.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1837.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Visit of Queen Victoria to the City of London,

NOVEMBER 9, 1837.

*In accordance with the intimation in the previous Number of the MIRROR, half of the present Sheet is occupied by an Illustration of HER MAJESTY'S Visit to her loyal City of London; representing the REGAL and CIVIC PROCESSIONS, from Temple Bar, the point of the formation of the line. The Descriptive Details of this portion of the Pageant will be found in the SUPPLEMENT, now publishing; which likewise contains a Folio Engraving of the BANQUET at GUILDHALL.*

### Manners and Customs.

#### THE DUNMOW FLITCH OF BACON.

THE origin of this singular custom will be found detailed in our fifth volume, page 213; and, in a subsequent volume (xvii.) is a list of applicants for the prize. To this information we are now enabled to record the revival of this eccentric observance, through the liberality of one of our earliest Correspondents, John Player, Esq., of Saffron Walden, who, in his regard for the customs of "merry England," has set an honourable example to our country gentlemen. This revival was proposed last year, at the anniversary of the Dunmow Agricultural Society—an excellent institution, by the way, for the encouragement

"A bold peasantry, the country's pride,"

in habits of industry and profitable employment. At this meeting, Mr. Player offered a gammon of bacon as a prize to the most deserving labourer; the award of which took place at the recent anniversary of the Agricultural Society. "The gammon of bacon," says the report of the meeting, in the *Essex Herald*, "was tastefully decorated with ribbons, and hoisted on a pole attached to a wagon, near a tent, in front of which the candidates for the different prizes were assembled."

In opening the business of the day, Mr. Brewster, the secretary to the Society, well observed with reference to the worth of the successful candidate:—"We have before us to-day a gammon of bacon, which has been presented by a very intelligent and active member of our Society, and I have no doubt that when you see the person to whom that gammon has been awarded, you will acknowledge the great worth of his character, and that he is an example for any individual, from the highest to the lowest. [Cheers.] I esteem the character of this couple as highly as any public record could make it—I esteem it as highly as any honour the

nation could give to any nobleman, for any service he could render to his country,—[Cheers]—because, if a person brings up a family thus honourably and industriously, and introduces them into service at a proper age, with the principles of Christianity inculcated into their minds, and rendered industrious and diligent by the example of their parents, we are assured that they will be worthy of their employers, and worthy of themselves as the employed. I hope it will be widely promulgated, that through the Society at Dunmow, there has been a worthy character brought forward, whose virtues and merits would otherwise have been lost and forgotten."

"It appears from historical records that very few persons applied for the flitch of bacon as it was formerly given here; and that there were only three before the dissolution of the Monasteries, and have been only three since—the last being in 1761, about fifty years ago. There was a curious coincidence in these presentations of the bacon—they were exactly fifty years apart from each other. We have now a gammon to offer, and we are renewing the old system, but not with oaths and penances; because we are told the oath was taken on sharp stones, which I believe are now lost. Still, we can excite interest in the same way as parties did—we can come to matters of fact in our gammon of bacon, and we can appropriate it with satisfaction to ourselves, and, I have no doubt, with satisfaction to you. You have heard that there was a period of fifty years between the presentation of the flitch of bacon, by the manor of the Priory, and perhaps hands might have been held by that tenure; but in presenting this, we hope that it will not be fifty years before another prize is offered—we hope that it will be only fifty weeks instead of fifty years."

Mr. Player having next distributed the prizes for ploughing, called forth Samuel Bloomfield, who had received the first prize

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to deserving labourers, and Mary his wife, to whom the gammon of bacon had been adjudged. They were a hale old pair: Mrs. Bloomfield had on the gown in which she was married forty years ago, and its freshness spoke loudly for her careful habits. Most of their children were gathered round the happy couple.

Mr. Player then observed:—"I find that the ancient custom of presenting the flitch of bacon was not, as generally supposed, peculiar to Dunmow. It did exist in Brittany for 600 years, but whether it was of Saxon or Norman introduction, I care not. I also find that there is a place called Wickner, in Staffordshire, where the custom existed with this peculiar feature, that the parties claiming were obliged to bring evidence that they had lived quietly together. On referring to the *Spectator*, I find a list, (it may be fictitious and imaginary,) of individuals who applied for this bacon. The first is the son of Sir John Falstaff, who, by suborning two men in his service to give evidence, got possession of the bacon; but they immediately had some difference on the subject as to how it should be dressed, on which the bacon was taken from them, and hung up for another applicant. I never find that such was the case at Dunmow. Our Secretary has told you that there were but three persons who claimed the bacon at Dunmow previous to the dissolution of the Monasteries, and three afterwards—the last case in which it was presented was in the year 1761. On this occasion, we require no particular form or oath; but we have two highly deserving individuals recommended, Samuel Bloomfield and Mary his wife, as fairly entitled to it. When I tell you that these individuals during an union of forty years, have brought up a large family in a way highly creditable to persons in their station, their children all being in respectable services, having been, with one exception, seven, thirteen, or twenty years in their places, you will admit they are deserving characters. I can only say, (addressing Bloomfield,) that I have great pleasure to hear that the Agricultural Committee have decided on giving the prize to you; and I am sure it must be a proud day for yourself, and for the members of your family, when you receive this testimonial for rearing them as you have done without any extraneous help. [Cheers.] You, I am sure, have not been amongst those individuals we hear of, who have spent their earnings in miserable dissipation. I admire the independent labourer, and I will do all I can to benefit my fellow creatures: I do not mean by thus coming publicly forward, for I wish to stand in the back ground; but these are important times, and we want to bind together the cultivators of the land and the cottagers in one happy union. I would not

change my country for any on the globe. I have lately travelled a thousand miles from these scenes. Our labourer is more comfortable than those of other places. In Wales, I find that the labourers have houses without windows; and chimneys made with a few sticks; yet they are comfortable, for a contented mind is a continual feast."

Mr. Player then read the following statement respecting Bloomfield and his family:

"Samuel Bloomfield, aged 65, and Mary Bloomfield, aged 60, have been married forty years. Has lived in the same service fifty-one years, with the exception of one month. Belonged to a Benefit Club 33 years, until it broke up. Received parochial relief six or seven weeks during illness, and about 37 years ago received sixpence each, for himself, his wife and one child. Has had nine children, disposed of as under:—first, deceased; second, Samuel, aged 38, married and has five children, and has lived with Mr. Scruby twenty-three years; third, Elizabeth, aged 35, has been in service nineteen years, and is now in Southampton, where she has lived in one service fifteen years; fourth, Sarah, aged 33, has been in service fifteen years, and is now living with the Rev. T. Brookaby, of West Hanningfield, where she has been three years; fifth, Mary, aged 30, has been fourteen years in service, and is now living with—Gibson, Esq., where she has been seven years; sixth, Jane, aged 26, has lived with Miss Potts, of Chelmsford, thirteen years; seventh, Maria, aged 24, has been in service ten years, and is now living with the Rev. Mr. Warburton, of Sible Hedingham, where she has been one year—she received one pound as an out-fit when she first went into service; eighth, William, aged 19, has lived with Mr. Fuller seven years; ninth, Eliza, aged 15, now at home."

In conclusion, Mr. Player observed, that last year, when he gave the prize of the bacon, he was Mayor of Saffron Walden; but he had been succeeded by a better man, who had desired him to offer another gammon of bacon for next year, to be disposed of as the Committee thought proper.

The bacon was then delivered to the good old pair, and as the "head of the household," looked round on his superiors who were thus endeavouring to draw others into his honourable path, his heart seemed to say—

"May you be all as old as I,  
And see your sons to manhood grow,  
And many a time before you die  
Be just as pleased as I am now."

One of the sons volunteered to carry the gammon to his parent's cottage; and, at the conclusion of the proceedings, the family bore it off the ground amidst the cheers of the assembly.

## Notes of a Reader.

CHARLES II.

In vol. iv., p. 104 of *Madame de Genlis's Memoirs*, is this remark:—"I then read over again all the English historians, and satisfied myself of a fact I had only hitherto imagined, viz: that there has been a general misapprehension of the high merits of Charles II. . . . After the Restoration, Charles II. acted with a courage, wisdom, and prudence that cannot be sufficiently admired; he reduced the taxes, (which were enormous in Cromwell's time), knew how to ally firmness and clemency with great skill, and above all considerations, adopted many measures towards the restoration of religion. Order and peace were the results of these fortunate arrangements. He it was, who founded the Royal Society of London, so celebrated at the present day; he solemnly promised to assist and favour all those who should devote themselves to difficult studies; he sent to the neighbouring countries to obtain information of sciences unknown in England; corrected anomalies and neologism of the national dialect, which in Cromwell's time had become almost barbarous; and made many other important improvements. Certainly, these are deeds of great value, and cannot be sufficiently estimated. An excellent book might be made on historical injustice, oversights, and misrepresentations." H. M.—N.

HANDKERCHIEF OF CHARLES I.

THE *Bath Herald* states, that a silversmith of that city has in his possession an authenticated curiosity of a very interesting kind, being the pocket handkerchief used by Charles I., at the time of his execution. It was purchased at the sale of effects of the late Mr. W. M. Pitt, of Dorchester, is of white cambric of very fine texture, and is neatly marked with the imperial crown and the initials "C. R." It is accompanied by the following certificates:—"This was King Charles the First's Handkerchief, that he had on the scaffold when he was Beheaded, January ye 30th, 1648. From my cousin, Anne Foyle, 1733." "Certificate by me, July 25th, 1828—W. M. Pitt.—As to the authenticity of the fact, I can only state that I was informed by my father, that Mrs. Anne Foyle was a cousin of his mother, whose father was much attached to the cause of the King, was present at his death, and obtained by some means or other this handkerchief: from her father she obtained it, and she gave it to my grandmother, Lora Pitt as is stated on the cover herein inclosed; the endorsement was written ninety years after the event took place, and my grandmother was born in the reign of Charles II. I myself know that that endorsement is in the hand-writing of my

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grandmother, and who evidently believed the above to be true; and this I certify ninety years also after the writing of that endorsement by my grandmother."

THE FUCIA TREE.

MR. SHEPHERD, the respectable and well-informed conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool, gives the following curious account of the introduction of that elegant little flowering shrub, the Fucia, into our English green-houses and parlour windows:—"Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned to him, and declared, 'Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping.'—"No! and pray what was this phoenix like?"—"Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendent branches, their colour the richest crimson; in the centre a fold of deep purple," and so forth. Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, where he at once perceived, that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, he said, 'My good woman, this is a nice plant, I should like to buy it.'—"Ah, sir, I could not sell it for no money, for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake."—"But I must have it."—"No, sir!"—"Here," (emptying his pocket,) "here are gold, silver, copper," (his stock was something more than eight guineas.)—"Well-a-day, but this is a power of money, sure and sure."—"Tis yours, and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake."—"Alack, alack!"—"You shall, I say, by Jore." A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist, and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud; it was divided into cuttings, which were forced into bark-beds and hot-beds, were redivided and subdivided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season, Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of 300 fucia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed into his show-house. A lady came—"Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?" Hem! 'tis a new thing, my lady—pretty, is it not?"—"Pretty! 'tis lovely. Its price?"—"A guinea; thank your ladyship," and one of the two plants stood proudly in her ladyship's boudoir. "My

dear Charlotte! where did you get it?" &c. &c.—"Oh! 'tis a new thing; I saw it at old Lee's; pretty, is it not?"—"Pretty! 'tis beautiful! its price?"—"A guinea; there was another left." The visitor's horses smoked off to the suburb; a third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fucia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new comers saw, and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery-ground. Two fucias, young, graceful, and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository.

He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; but ere the flower season closed, 300 golden guineas chinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub of the widow of Wapping; the reward of the taste, decision, skill, and perseverance of old Mr. Lee.

### New Books.

MR. BULWER'S ERNEST MALTRAVERS.

(Concluded from page 304.)

[The last chapter but one is, indeed, of painful interest.]

How sudden—how awfully sudden—had been the blow! True, there had been an absence of some months in which the change had operated. But absence is a blank—a nonentity. He had left her in apparent health—in the tide of prosperity and pride. He saw her again—stricken down in body and temper—chastened—humbled—dying. And this being, so bright and lofty, how had she loved him! Never had he been so loved, except in that morning dream haunted by the vision of the lost and dim-remembered Alice. Never on earth could he be so loved again. The air and aspect of the whole chamber grew to him painful and oppressive. It was full of her—the owner! There the harp, which so well became her muse-like form, that it was associated with her like a part of herself! There the pictures, fresh and glowing from her hand,—the grace—the harmony—the classic and simple taste every where displayed!

At length, the door opened; the favourite attendant of Florence looked in.

"Is Mr. Maltravers there? O sir, my lady is awake and would see you."

Maltravers rose but his feet were glued to the ground, his sinking heart stood still—it was a mortal terror that possessed him. With a deep sigh he shook off the numbing spell and passed to the bedside of Florence.

She sat up, propped by pillows, and as he sank beside her, and clasped her wan, trans-

parent hand, she looked at him with a smile of pitying love.

"You have been very, very kind to me," she said, after a pause, and with a voice which had altered even since the last time he heard it, "and you will be rewarded. You have made that part of life from which human nature shrinks with dread, the happiest and the brightest of all my short and vain existence. My own adored Ernest—God bless you!"

A few grateful tears dropped from her eyes, and they fell on the hand which she bent her lips to kiss.

"It was not here—not amidst streets and the noisy abodes of anxious, worldly men—nor was it in this harsh and dreary season of the year, that I could have wished to look my last on earth. Could I have seen the face of Nature—could I have watched once more with the summer sun amidst those gentle scenes we loved so well, Death would have had no difference from sleep. But what matters it? With you there is summer and Nature every where."

Maltravers raised his face, and their eyes met in silence—it was a long, fixed gaze which spoke more than all worlds could. Her head dropped on his shoulder, and there it lay, passive and motionless, for some moments. A soft step glided into the room—it was the unhappy father's. He came to the other side of his daughter, and sobbed convulsively.

She then raised herself, and even in the shades of death, a faint blush passed over her cheek.

"My good, dear father, what comfort will it give you hereafter to think how fondly you spoiled your Florence!"

Lord Saxingham could not answer; he clasped her in his arms and wept over her. Then he broke away—looked on her with a shudder—

"O God!" he cried, "she is dead—she is dead!"

Maltravers started, and waved aside the poor old man impatiently. The physician kindly approached, and taking Lord Saxingham's hand, led him from the room—he went mute and obedient like a child.

But the struggle was not yet passed. Florence once more opened her eyes, and Maltravers uttered a cry of joy. But along those eyes the film was darkening rapidly, as still, through the mist and shadow, they sought the beloved countenance which hung over her, as if to breathe life into waning life. Twice her lips moved, but her voice failed her, she shook her head sadly.

Maltravers hastily held to her mouth a cordial which lay ready on the table near her but scarce had it moistened her lips, when her whole frame grew heavier and heavier in his clasp. Her head once more sank upon

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his bosom—she thrice gasped wildly for breath—and at length raising her hand on high, life struggled into its expiring ray.  
 “There—above!—Ernest—that name—Ernest!”

Yes, that name was the last she uttered; she was evidently conscious of that thought for a smile, as her voice again faltered—a smile, sweet and serene—that smile never seen but on the faces of the dying and the dead—borrowed from a light that is not of this world—settled slowly on her brow, her lips, her whole countenance; still she breathed, but the breath grew fainter; at length, without murmur, sound, or struggle, it passed away—the head dropped from his bosom—the form fell from his arms—all was over!

[The last chapter contains the death of Cesarini, a terrific but somewhat *stacy* scene: and, with the retirement of Maltravers to the Continent, and the appointment of Lord Vargrave to a ministerial post, the work closes.]

Here ends the first portion of this work; it ends with what though rare in novels, is common in human life; the affliction of the good, the triumph of the unprincipled; Ernest Maltravers, a lonely wanderer, disgusted with the world, blighted prematurely in a useful and glorious ambition—“remote, unfriended, melancholy”—Lumley Ferrers, prosperous, and elated—life smiling before him—rising in the councils of the proudest and perhaps the wisest of European nations—and wrapt in a hardy stoicism of levity and selfishness, that not only defied grief but silenced conscience.

If the reader be interested in what remains—if he desire to know more of the various characters which have breathed and moved throughout this history, he will soon be enabled to gratify his curiosity, and complete what the author believes to be a faithful survey of the Philosophy of Human Life.

[As “more last words,” we transfer from about the middle of the third volume, a Shandean chapter, quaintly termed “the Intimation.”]

I wonder whether the world will perceive all the sublime and beautiful things there are in this work! My sweet Alice,—I may speak of you without the vanity of authorship; for Nature moulded you, and I did but copy,—will they discover how exquisite were the materials of innocence, that sin itself could not mar; from which you were created? You, Alice, you—whom it would have been impossible even for poets to create from the teeming fancy—the literal and simple transcript from the Real! Two years ago, yes, even two little years, I should have spoiled the canvass that coldly reflects your image. I should have let my enthusiasm run away with me, and have over-coloured your modest and delicate hues—but patience—the sequel of your

fortunes is yet to come. And my banker, my excellent, respectable banker, the dolts would have liked you better if I had daubed you in coarser colours, and made you a Glossop or a Richard the Third; and Lumley Ferrers—with your manners of wax, and your heart of stone; and Florence, the proud and peerless, and Ernest Maltravers himself, with his progressive changes, and varying hues—oh, how much finer a writer they would have thought me, if, instead of these new combinations of human life, I had chalked out a villain, and a worthy, and a dwarf, and a caricature-humourist of one phrase! Will they fancy, Ernest Maltravers, that you were meant for me, because you are an author and a politician?—the suspicion would flatter me—but there is not even a family resemblance. Alas! I wish I could draw myself! What author ever could mimic his own features? We are too various, and too complex to have a likeness in any one of our creations.

No! Ernest Maltravers, you are an original not a copy—you will not interest young ladies and gentlemen half as much as if you had been a bold impostor, with a sneer and a swagger. What do we care, Ernest? we must bide our time;—and yet, if the judgments of to-day are hollow, those of to-morrow we may not hear.—Alas, how is the bloom faded from the face of life—how is the golden bowl broken at the cistern! Ah, fair days of youth, when I had no name—when there was no such thing as experience—would I could recall you;—perhaps in age your shadow may come back to me though the light be lost; for when we have seen and tried all things, we return to the same conclusions as those from which we started, and in the glass of Memory we look once more on the form of Hope. I long for the hour when I shall break up my wand and drown my books—the island I have dwelt in is a desert.

## The Public Journals.

PIC-NICS.

[From the paper entitled “Codes of Manners and Etiquette,” in the *Quarterly Review*, just published.]

*Chinese Etiquette.*—“In China,” says the Abbé de Marcy, “the government has always made it an object to maintain, not only at court and amongst the great, but amongst the people at large, a certain habit of politeness and courtesy. The Chinese have an infinity of books on this subject. One of these treatises contains more than 3,000 articles. In it every thing is prescribed with the greatest minuteness; the manner of saluting, of paying visits, of making presents, of writing letters, of giving entertainments, &c. These usages have the force of law; no

one dares to infringe them. There is a particular tribunal at Pekin, one of whose principal functions is to watch over all these observances."

**Affectation of Fashion.**—Whole scenes of Balzac's novels are occupied with the struggles of some poor devil, author or artist, to support the appearance of a man of fashion on an income which would scarcely suffice to find a member of White's in gloves; and a recent writer on France, belonging to the liberal school of politics, relates as an illustration of the national character, that not long since a notary's clerk killed himself avowedly, because, having duly calculated and considered, he did not think it possible for him to be so great a man as Napoleon.

**Pride of Birth.**—One of the strongest examples that can well be given is the late Mr Huddlestone, an amiable and accomplished gentleman, who believed himself to be lineally descended from Athelstane, and consequently entitled to take precedence of all, including the proudest nobles, who did not equally partake of the blood-royal of the heptarchy. Some of this excellent person's evidences bore a strong resemblance to those of the Scotchman who, in proof of his own descent from the Admirable Creighton, was wont to produce an ancient shirt marked *A. C.* in the tail, preserved, he said, as an heir-loom by the family; but Mr. Huddlestone's pedigree was admitted, and Huddlestone allowed to be an undeniable corruption of *Athelstane* by many of the most distinguished amateur readers of Gwyllim; amongst others by the late Duke of Norfolk, who was sufficiently tenacious on such points. These two originals often met over a bottle to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees, and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Huddlestone was dining with the duke, the discussion was prolonged till the descendant of the Saxon kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the duke's desire, to re-establish him, but he sturdily repelled the proffered hand of the cadet—"Never," he hiccuped out, "shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddlestone was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard."—"Well, then, my good old friend," said the good-natured duke, "I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddlestone, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world;" so saying the Duke also took his place upon the floor. The concluding part of this anecdote has been plagiarised and applied to other people, but the authenticity of our version may be relied upon.

**Proper Fortune.**—Mr. Wellesley Pole,

used to say that it was impossible to live like a gentleman in England under forty thousand a-year; and Mr. Brummell told a lady who asked him how much she ought to allow her son for dress, that it might be done for 800*l.* a year, with strict economy. Mr. Senior, in an excellent Essay on Political Economy, recently published in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, states that a carriage for a woman of fashion must be regarded as one of the necessities of life, and we presume he would be equally imperative in demanding a cabriolet for a man.

**Lawyers, Doctors, Soldiers, and Sailors.**—The accomplished author of "*Human Life*" makes one of his favourite characters complain that he is never in a lawyer's company without fancying himself in a witness-box; and it must be owned that the habits of the bar are apt to militate against the loose, careless, easy style of thought and expression, the *grata protervitas*, which is most popular in the drawing-room. Yet the late Lord Grenville once remarked in our hearing, that he was always glad to meet a lawyer at a dinner party, because he then felt sure that some good topic or other would be rationally discussed.

The mere title of *Doctor* is commonly supposed to be much against the physician, let him gossip as fancifully, and feel pulses as gracefully, as he may; but there is consolation in store for him, for it would seem that a sick room may afford a rich field for *esquetterie*. "I remember," (says the Doctor in '*Human Life*') "being once the confidant of a brother physician, who had conceived great hopes from his patient, a widow, having added muslin borders to her sheets during his visits. But they were all petrified on her taking them off again, and never having renewed them. 'Could I but see those flounces again,' said he, 'I might yet be happy.'"

Military men have high pretensions, but it would be difficult to answer Dr. Johnson's objection—"Perfect good-breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners; whereas in a military man, you can commonly distinguish the *brand* of a soldier, *l'homme d'épée*."

Sailors are favourites, from a general belief in their superior frankness and gallantry; but an early association with tar and oakum is by no means calculated to purify their taste, or give their manners the highest finish; whilst many of their habits to say the best of them are odd. We shall not easily forget the sensation produced by the arrival of a distinguished naval officer at an archery meeting, who was pleased to descend the steps of his carriage stern foremost, as if he was descending an accommodation ladder. This reminds us of a single

her recurrence to old habits on the part of a well-known Jack Brag, who had contrived to secure a limited reception in society. Suspicions were first excited by his beginning one day, when the party were speculating on what they would do, in given contingencies—"Now, if I was a gentleman,"—which naturally enough led ill-natured people to fancy that there had been a time when he was not. Still every body was at fault as to his original vocation, until, in an unlucky hour, he accompanied some of his new associates to a billiard table. Immediately on entering the room he took up a cue, and placed himself before the marking board so naturally, that every doubt was dissipated, and the marker stood confessed. It has been told of the late Mr. Peter Moore—and was actually true of Secretary Craggs, who began life as a footman—that in the days of his opulence he once handed some ladies into their carriage, and then from the mere force of habit got up behind it himself.

*Plain People.*—Fully admitting to the noble author of Don Juan that—

—“Somehow those good looks  
Make more impression than the best of books”—

we must notwithstanding take the freedom to state that plain men, nay, even ugly, little fellows, have met with tolerable success amongst the fair. Harry Jermyn, who carried all before him in his day, is described in Grammont's Memoirs as of small stature, with a large head and thin legs; and the redoubtable Prince de Condé had equal or greater disadvantages of person to contend against. Wilkes's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: “Your Lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet give me but half an hour's start and I will enter the lists against you, with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double on account of my plain one.” He went to add that it took him just half an hour to talk away his face; a strong proof, if true, of the sagacity of the French proverb, “Avec les hommes l'amour entre par les yeux, avec les femmes par les oreilles,”—for if ever man exceeded the privilege *don't foudroyer les hommes d'être laids* (the phrase is De Sévigné's), it was Wilkes. He was so exceedingly ugly, that a lottery office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill luck upon the house. Balzac says that ugliness signifies little, provided it be a *laideur intéressante*—Mirabeau's, for example, who desires a female correspondent who had never seen him and was anxious to form some notion of his face, to fancy a tiger marked with the small-pox.

#### A SLAVE SHIP.

ONE fine day in May, the signal-gun told of the approach of a vessel. A sharp-built schooner, with crowded canvass, darted up the estuary like lightning; her nature was obvious; she was a prize. A painful interest prompted me to visit, as speedily as possible, this prison-ship. The Timmanee crew of the official boat swiftly shot us alongside. The craft showed Spanish colours, and was named “La Pantica.” We easily leaped on board, as she lay low in the water; the first hasty glance around caused a sudden sickness and faintness, followed by an indignation more intense than discreet. Before us, in a heap, huddled together at the foot of the foremast, on the bare and filthy deck, lay several human beings in the last stage of emaciation, dying. The ship, fore and aft, was thronged with men, women, and children, all entirely naked, and disgusting with various disease. I stepped to the hatchway, it was secured by iron bars and cross bars, and pressed against them were the heads of the slaves below. It appeared that the crowd on deck formed one-third only of the cargo, *two-thirds being stowed in a sitting posture below, between decks*; the men forward, the women aft. Two hundred and seventy-four were at this moment in the little schooner! When captured, 315 had been found on board; forty had died during the voyage from the old Calabar, and one had drowned himself. This was the first view; and wretched as it was, it showed but half the evil. The next day's visit was even more startling. The rainy season had commenced, and during the night rain had poured heavily down; nearly a hundred slaves had been exposed to the weather on deck, and among them the heap of dying skeletons at the foremast. The captives were now counted, and their numbers, age, and sex, written down for the information of the Court of Mixed Commission. As the hold had been divided for the separation of the men and women, those on deck were first counted; they were then driven forward, crowded as much as possible, and the women below were drawn up through the small hatchway, from their hot, dark confinement. A black boatswain seized them one by one, dragging them before us for a moment, when they were noted down, and were instantly swung again by the arm into their loathsome cell, where another negro boatswain sat, with a whip or stick, and forced them to resume the bent and painful attitude necessary for the stowage of so large a number. The unfortunate women and girls, in general, submitted with quiet resignation: a month had made their condition familiar to them. One or two were less philosophical, or suffered more acutely than the rest. Their shrieks arose faintly

from their hidden prison, as violent compulsion alone squeezed them into their nook against the curve of the ship's side. I attempted to descend, in order to see the accommodation. *The height between the floor and ceiling was about twenty-two inches!* The agony of the position of the crouching slaves may be imagined, especially that of the men, whose heads and necks were bent down by the boarding above them. *Once so fixed, relief by motion or change of posture is unattainable.* The body frequently stiffens into a permanent curve. In the streets of Freetown I have seen liberated slaves in every conceivable state of distortion. One, I remember, who trailed along his body, *with his back to the ground*, by means of his hands and ankles. Many can never resume the upright posture.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### The Gatherer.

#### THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE CITY.

A YEAR TOO LATE.—AN ECLIPSE.

*Lycidas, Maris.*

**ARGUMENT.**—Lycidas, a country gentleman, arriving in London, in November, to receive his October dividends, falls in with Maris, (a man about town,) marching with great haste, (like a crusader of old,) towards the East. The latter apologizes for being found travelling in that direction, by stating the grand event of the day—the Royal Visit to Guildhall. He praises the condescension of the illustrious guest, and lauds the hospitality of the wealthy entertainers, but regrets that the occasion had not fallen out a year earlier, when an added dignity might have accrued even to the fountain of honour.

*Lycidas.*—Quo te Maris, pedes? an quo via ducit, in urbem.—*Vergil.*

*Lycidas.*—Whither good Maris!—for the city bent?

*Maris.*—Such, Lycidas, I own is my intent.

*Lycidas.*—Is there some sight, then, worthy to be seen?

*Maris.*—Have you not heard our young and lovely Queen,

(On whom may Heaven's brightest glories shine!)  
With London's citizens this day will dine?

*Lycidas.*—No—for of late, guns, dogs, and rural sports,

Have turn'd my thoughts from cities and from courts,

Nor did I think a royal, high-born maid

Would deign to banquet with the sons of trade.

*Maris.*—Then, Lycidas! her sweetness you but little know;

The truly great do n'er despise the low,  
So, fair Victoria, 'mid November's fog,

Stoops to partake the aldermanic prog.

*Lycidas.*—Remote from pastures green and ether pure,

Where can they gather fruits or cream procure?

*Maris.*—O simple swain! city give not food like that,

But venison—jelly—turtle and green fat—  
Champagne—iced punch—not syllabubs and whey—

The Queen of England's not a Queen of May.

*Lycidas.*—Say, Maris! who invites her to this feast?

Which sure will cost a thousand pounds at least.

*Maris.*—O peasant rustic! simpler than your sheep,

To think a Cheapside feast could be so cheap.

*Lycidas.*—So young a lady surely can't eat much.

*Maris.*—True, but her suite—

*Lycidas.*—Are they allow'd to leave?

*Maris.*—(O Lycidas! how little do you know

Of Court, or City, or my Lord Mayor's show.

*Lycidas.*—The bravest British Knights will

be there,

To welcome one so high-born and so fair.

*Maris.*—Yes, friend! the Lumber Troop, in

array,

Will, with the Codgers, line the crowded way.

*Lycidas.*—Now tell me, Maris, my

friend,

Who, at Guildhall, will on our Queen attend?

*Maris.*—A Mount\* of Flow'rs Her Royal

will cheer,

While a gay Carroll† shall enchant her ear.

Gas lights and music—men in armour—flap—

Ladies in feathers—snobs with swords and bag—

But above all will stand behind her chair

"A proper man, a man of wax"—the new

Mayr.

*Lycidas.*—Ah, me! how sad for him whose

fate,

At such a moment bids him quit his state.

*Maris.*—True—and Her Majesty's a year too late.

For, oh! my Lycidas! the last year's Mayr

Was all unmarried—had a hand to spare,

So had Victoria but bid him woo.

She had been Queen and Lady Mayr's too.

9th Nov. 1837.

*Goldsmith's Cottage*, at Kilburn, where he wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village*, was, on the 14th ultimo, taken down to make way for the contemplated improvements in the neighbourhood.

"Come, friend," said a debtor, "I want that money."—"I haven't got it."—"But must have it now."—"Well if you get it before I do, just let me know it, will you?"

**Chalk Hills.**—The enormous chalk hills which so much abound in England are composed of lime, in chemical combination with a gas, the very same as that gas which sparkles in a glass of soda water or of bottled beer. If nature had not combined the lime with this gas, these chalk surfaces could not exist. By any application of excessive heat, this gas were driven off, the substance left would be both corrosive and destructive, and the first shower of rain would realise the imagination of the poet:—*sic frons illabatur orbis*. As soon as water touches pure lime it chemically combines with it, immense heat is evolved, and the lime breaks in pieces. Such would be the fate of Down Cliff, upon the first shower, if the gas which enters into its formation were driven off.—*Dublin General Advertiser.*

The beech tree is said to be a non-conductor of lightning.

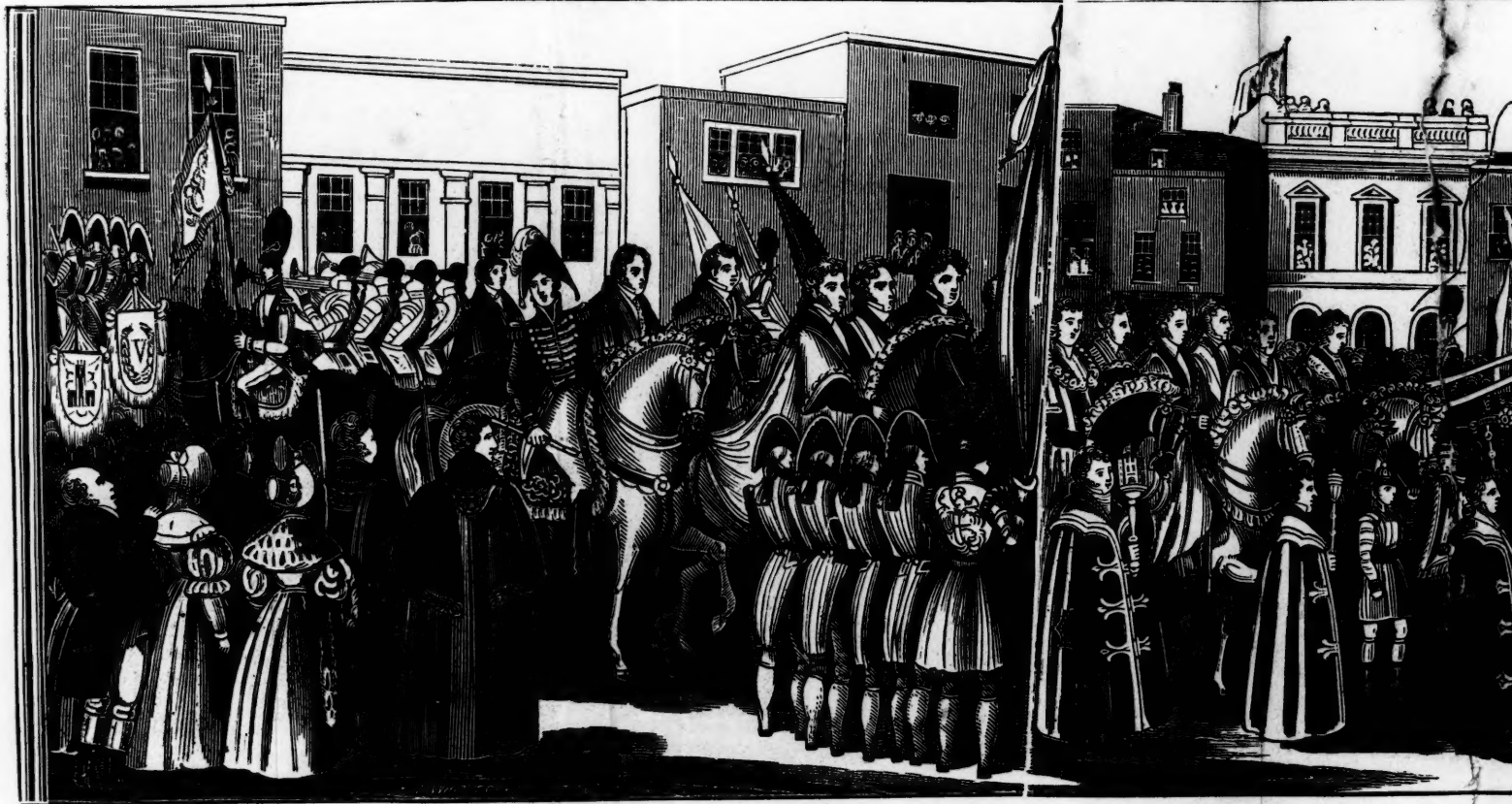
\* And † Messrs. Montefiore and Carroll are the present worthy Sheriffs.

‡ Mr. Alderman Cowan is an eminent wax chandler.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBURY, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. F. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—FRANCFORT CHARLES JUGEL.

[illegible]

# VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO THE CITY



## THE LORD MAYOR RECEIVING HER M

Colours of the Life  
Guards.

Trumpeters.

City Marshal

Common Councilmen on  
Horseback.

City Standard Bearer.

Grooms and Ward  
Beardles.

Aldermen  
on Horseback.

Sw  
M

THE CITY OF LONDON, NOVEMBER 9, 1837.



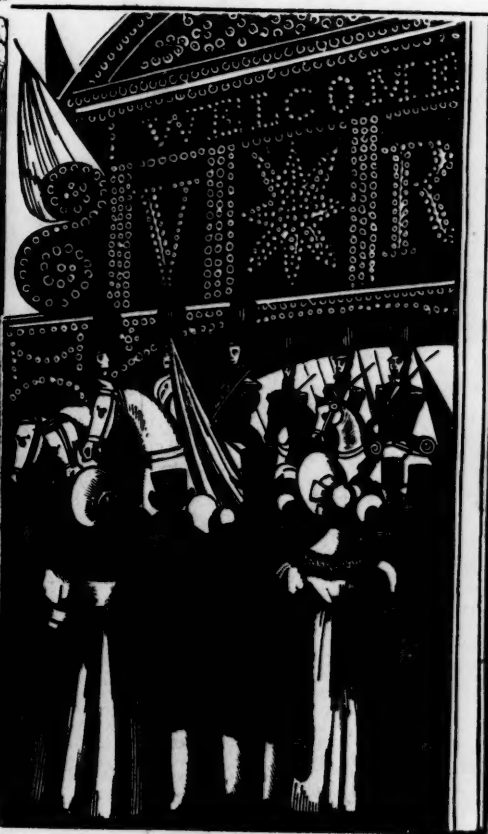
ING HER MAJESTY AT TEMPLE BAR.

Sword Bearer.  
Mace Bearer.

Lord Mayor presenting  
the Sword.

THE QUEEN.

Recorder. Sheriffs of London.



Life Guards

Temple Bar.